

## THIS GOOD OLD LADY WAS 102

MRS. EMILY TRACY, BURIED TO-DAY FROM THE METHODIST HOME.

She Passed Away Quietly After a Long Lifetime of Hard Work—Housekeeper for the Griswolds for Many Years—The Inmates of the Home Seem to Have a Corner on Longevity.

Mrs. Emily Warren Tracy was laid at rest to-day in Greenwood Cemetery. She had lived to celebrate her 102nd birthday. The friends of her childhood long since passed away, and the companions and acquaintances of her middle age had quite one by one dropped away, leaving her alone.

Mrs. Tracy was born in Norwich, Conn., Dec. 17, 1786. When but a child she was brought to New York by her parents, and she has lived here ever since.

For many years she was housekeeper for one of the Griswolds of the last generation, and afterwards she kept a boarding-house. She maintained her boarding-house down to 1868, when, at seventy-seven years of age, she gave up the fight and put herself into the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she had been a member for more than half a century, attending at this time the Old Green Street Church.

She died of old age at the Methodist Episcopal Home, Tenth avenue and Ninety-second street, Thursday.

Rev. Stephen Merritt, of the Tenth street church, officiated at her funeral this morning in the plain, but bright chapel at the home, and besides the 115 inmates of the home there was a large number of people present, who had known Mrs. Tracy.

Mrs. Tracy was a tall, spare-framed, large-headed, typical New England woman. She was in a plain coffin, and on her head a gray old head tied under the chin with cream white ribbons.

A sheaf of ripened grain stood on a stand by the coffin.

Emily Warren was the maiden name of Mrs. Tracy, and nothing could ever be learned of her married life but that she once exclaimed: "What a big fool I was to marry that old man."

She never had any children, and leaves only one living relative, Mrs. Annie Ryan, who is a niece.

Mrs. Tracy retained her faculties intact until about six months ago, when she began to fail. She had a life full of hard work and the independence which that implies. She used to snuff at the customs of to-day, and declared that nineteenth century girls were useless. They did not work. She, besides caring for six boarders alone, used to wash the bedding for the Aspinwall Line of steamships.

On her 102nd birthday her room was decorated with flags and wreaths. She did not comprehend and asked excitedly if the American flag had gained another victory over the British, and wanted to know how many were killed.

"Oh, it is me, it is I," she finally exclaimed, as the inmates of the home visited and congratulated her. "It's my birthday. Oh, yes, I am—too old to tell."

Belle A. Fenton, the ideal matron of the home, cheerfully bustling, jovial and kind, introduced THE EVENING WORLD reporter to the oldest living inmate, Aunt Bower.

Aunt Bower is a dear, cheerful little woman, wrinkled with age and weariness in kindly smiles. She arose from an easy chair in her own cozy and bright white-walled room and trod nimbly across the floor to take the hand of the reporter.

She looked him all over with a look that flattered him and then chirruped.

"Bless you, young man. May all your efforts be successful. But, and the good little wrinkled hand gave a new pressure on that of the reporter, "don't forget the main thing. Try and get into heaven! I want to meet you there."

The reporter told her that yesterday he had been to Brooklyn to congratulate Major Thomas Howard on his 100th birthday.

"Humph!" ejaculated Aunt Bower, a little contemptuously. "I ain't near so old as that. I'm only ninety-four."

The home seems to be a good place to live in, for some years ago an inmate died at the age of 117 years.

ANOTHER CENTENARIAN.

The death of Phyllis Nail at the age of one hundred years was reported at the Bureau of Vital Statistics to-day. She was a colored woman and was born in New Jersey. She lived at 212 East Ninety-second street. The funeral takes place to-morrow.

CAUGHT AN EX-ALDERMAN.

Michael Ryan arrested for selling liquor to a minor.

Ex-Alderman Michael was charged at the Essex Market Police Court to-day with selling liquor to a boy under age—W. H. Colley, of 46 Great Jones street.

The charge was made by an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The ex-alderman was paroled to appear in court Monday night.

Every Word Was Legible.

THE EVENING WORLD of Tuesday astonished the world by printing on its first page facsimiles of its issues dated March 13, 14, 15 and 16, the blizzard quartet of 1888. Every word was legible, and the pictures as suggestive now as then. This feat was accomplished by a process known as photo-electrotyping. As an evidence of what can be done in the hurried endeavors of a daily newspaper by this process, the first page of THE EVENING WORLD is simply perfect.

The plates are produced in microscopic form, the process of which has heretofore been described in the Times. A photograph is first taken in reduced size. From the negative a print is produced on a bichromatized gelatin plate, which is afterwards brushed or coated with graphite and then submitted to the electrotyping process, which has now reached a wonderful degree of perfection.

Trouble Over Cemetery Deeds.

LEONARD—All persons whose deeds were left with the late William Leonard, Sr. and Underwriter, may receive same by applying to the undersigned, Leonard, 130 Greenwich ave., opposite Jackson Square.

There are about four or five hundred of these deeds. They are for lots in cemeteries in this city. Some were left in William Leonard's care years ago, and the owners have left New York. Others were held by the undertaker for money due on them.

Oren Leonard, the successor of his brother William, is having considerable trouble with people who owe money on their lots. They want the deeds, but do not want to pay what is due on them, he says.

"The estate of William Leonard must be settled up, and Oren Leonard refuses to give the deeds until the amounts due are paid. Hence the advertisement."

Myra Met Her Husband with a Snap.

Mrs. Myra Voorhees, a young married woman who recently shot herself on account of the disappearance of her husband, Charles, appeared in Jefferson Market yesterday face to face with her transient spouse, he having been arrested on a charge of abandonment. They had not long been married when he began to desert their little home, No. 31 West 30th street, for neighboring saloons. The more she complained the more he stayed away, until finally he chose new lodgings, but left no address. Then she attempted suicide, but upon surrendering herself to Capt. Killian, managed to escape punishment on that score. Thursday she learned where her husband was and had him arrested. He was held in \$300 for examination this morning.

Fell on the Church Steps.

Lizzie Lynch, aged thirty years, of 1628 Park avenue, while descending the steps of the Church of the Holy Redeemer at Eighty-first street and Park avenue this morning fell and received internal injuries. She refused to go to the hospital and was taken home by friends.

## BADLY LEFT ON BUYING LOTS

TWO THRIFTY WOMEN WHO PAID INSTALLMENTS TO ROBERT WILSON.

When They Wanted to Fence Them In They Found the Lots Didn't Belong to Wilson at All—They Had Paid \$937 in Weekly Mites—Now Wilson Is in Jail and Says He Was Cheated, Too.

Robert Wilson, a real estate agent, of 241 East Seventy-fourth street, charged with swindling Kate Deunon, of 111 Sheffield street, Newark, and Rose Wignam, of 17 Livingston street, by means of false representations regarding lots he sold them in Newark, gazed sadly out from the bars of a cell in the Essex Market Prison this morning.

"This all comes through dealing with women," he exclaimed to an EVENING WORLD reporter.

The women in their affidavits say that Wilson advertised lots for sale on Pashina avenue, Newark, the property of Francis S. Pashina.

They called on him and made a bargain and for two years past they have been paying installments on one lot each. Rosa had invested \$350 and Kate \$187.

They say they recently went to visit their property and were informed by Mr. Pashina that Wilson had no right to sell, and that their claims were worthless.

Wilson told THE EVENING WORLD young man that he had a perfect right to sell the property and had in his possession an agreement and deeds for 130 lots on Pashina avenue.

He makes it appear that Pashina was the executor of his father's estate, and says Pashina gave him the right of sale.

The lots brought from \$200 to \$400. Pashina receiving half of the money, and Wilson says he grew anxious for the rights of his customers.

When he spoke to Pashina he claims that the latter said, "Well, I will give you deeds for 130 lots and thus save your customers from any losses."

This was done, Wilson says, and he (Wilson) gave a mortgage for \$300,000, payable in 1891. This mortgage was for the full value of the lots, notwithstanding Pashina was only receiving \$15,000 as his share.

The lots were sold by Wilson, and the interest was made payable half yearly, but it was also understood, Wilson claims, that more was to be paid. All this happened in 1888.

When the squabbling over the estate ceased, Pashina's sister came into possession of the 130 lots, and repudiated the contracts made by the executor. She held Wilson on his mortgage for the full amount and foreclosed. Wilson claims that she had no right to do this, and he went right on collecting installments, as if nothing had happened.

Wilson claims that everything is all right, but the foreclosing of the mortgages and the sale of the lots by his sister Pashina seem to make everything all wrong.

He is held in \$1,000 bail for examination to-morrow.

PHILIPSEN NOT HERE YET.

Chief Clerk McAdam May Be Punished for Contempt on Monday.

Lawyer De Lancey Nicoll discovered that the preparation of his motion papers in the proceedings to punish Chief Clerk Graham McAdam, of the Bureau of Markets, for refusing to testify in the investigation before the Commissioners of Accounts was a work of greater magnitude than he supposed yesterday.

At noon to-day he had not made application to the court directing Mr. McAdam to appear in Supreme Court Chambers and show cause why he should not be punished for his contempt and refusal to testify.

Later in the day Judge Lawrence granted an order requiring Mr. McAdam to show cause before him at 11 A. M. Monday next why he shall not be punished for contempt.

The Commissioners of Accounts had hoped that Charles Philippsen would be brought on from Philadelphia to-day on requisition papers by Detectives Von Gerichten and Ierazza, so that he might be placed on the latter to testify in his payment of \$3,000 for state permits when the inquiry is resumed Monday morning.

They are doomed to disappointment, however, as Philippsen's lawyers have secured another writ of habeas corpus, returnable Monday, and he is still a prisoner at Police Headquarters in Philadelphia. He will probably not reach New York before Tuesday next.

One of the results of yesterday's proceedings before the Commissioners was the discovery of the existence of James McGrath, who has been considered one of the many alleged mythical standstillers in the new market.

Agreeable to his promise to Mr. Nicoll, Deputy Collector of City Revenue McLaughlin found him at 23 Henry street and brought him to the office of the Commissioners after the adjournment of the inquiry for the day.

He will appear and testify Monday as to whether or not he has any real interest in the stand which McLaughlin procured to be held in his name.

SENATOR CHACE'S SUCCESSOR.

Men Mentioned in Rhode Island for the Coming Vacancy at Washington.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 16.—Among the men mentioned as possible successors to United States Senator Chace, whose resignation will be in the Governor's hands on Monday, are ex-Gov. George P. Wetmore, Congressman H. J. Spooner, Lyman Goff and Benjamin N. Nappin.

Senator Chace is not alone the only Quaker who ever sat in the Chamber at Washington, but he is also the first Senator to resign his seat ten days after unanimous re-election thereto.

Mr. Chace succeeded Henry B. Anthony in the Senate in 1880, and his present term of six years, but for his resignation, would have him in the place until 1895. He is reticent as to the causes which have led him to his decision to resign, but it is understood that considerations of health and business are combined with other motives sufficient to constrain him in his course.

Mr. Chace is a cotton manufacturer, and is still under sixty years of age.

SUNSET CEX ON IRISH HEROES.

Congressman S. C. Cox will deliver an oration on "Irish Parliamentary Heroes" at the entertainment of the Knights of St. Patrick at the Academy of Music to-morrow evening.

Fire Commissioner Henry D. Parroy will preside. John Mitchell, son of the Irish patriot, John Mitchell, will read the resolutions.

Many attractive features in vocal and instrumental music will render the entertainment pleasing. The proceeds of the entertainment will be sent to Charles Stewart Parnell to aid the cause of Home Rule for Ireland.

News Summary.

The Gladstonians, by the election of Mr. Beaufort, were the Kennedians Division of London from the Conservatives.

When she was sick, she gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

## WAS IT BUT A DRUNKEN ROW?

JAMES DUGAN PROBABLY FATALY SHOT BY WILLIAM BRENNAN.

The Wounded Man Found in a Lot with Two Pistol Wounds in His Abdomen—He Walks to the Station-House, but Has to Be Carried In—His Assistant Captured—Both Men Refuse to Make Any Statement.

At an early hour this morning, during a quarrel, James Dugan, of 72 Oliver street, was shot by William Brennan. Dugan is in the Chambers Street Hospital, and is not expected to live.

At the time of the shooting Officers O'Sullivan and Keogh were standing on the corner of Oliver and Oak streets.

A muffled report was heard and the policemen thought an explosion had occurred. They started on a run towards the river and had gone but a few steps when another report sounded, louder and sharper than the first.

After running about one hundred feet they came to a vacant lot. Several people were standing on the sidewalk peering through the darkness at a man who held a shining revolver in his right hand. A stream of blood trickled from his forehead. O'Sullivan ran up to the man and ordered him to give up the pistol. The man refused to do so, but after quite a struggle, the policeman succeeded in disarming him.

Meantime Officer Keogh saw a man escaping in the direction of the rear of the lot. He gave chase and caught him as he was going over the fence. It was Brennan, who said: "What made you shoot that man?" asked O'Sullivan of the man who held the pistol and who proved to be Dugan.

"I'm the man that's shot," he answered as he pointed to the mark on his forehead. "It was only a drunken row," he added indifferently.

On the way to the station-house Dugan said that his wounds didn't amount to anything. When he reached the station-house, however, he was carried into an ambulance.

Before he had gone many steps, however, he weakened, and the policemen had to support him. As he reached the station-house, steps he said in a gasping tone: "Oh! I guess I'm done now."

He was carried into an ambulance and taken to the station-house. The surgeon discovered that Dugan had two wounds in his abdomen. The injury to his head was caused by a brick.

After the wounds were dressed, a priest was sent for, who administered the sacrament to the injured man.

Dugan wanted to walk to the ambulance, but, in spite of his protests, he was carried on a stretcher.

Brennan's head was cut and both men were dusty, as if they had been rolling in the dirt. The shooting occurred in the vacant lot of 70 Oliver street, next door to where Finnegan formerly kept his well-known dive.

Brennan was taken to the Tombs this morning and held to await the result of Dugan's case. When arrested he refused to state where he lived.

JUROR NICHOLS FORGOT HIMSELF.

He Discussed the Trial and Played Dominoes While the Court Waited.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 16.—The counsel for Rudolph Steffel, charged with shooting down Farmer Andrew J. Peck in the latter's doorway in Newtown, about a year ago, may have grounds for moving a new trial, in case of conviction, through the absent-mindedness of juror Walter Nichols.

When the Court resumed proceedings at 2 o'clock yesterday Nichols's place was vacant. Messengers were sent scurrying in all directions for the absentee, but the search was vain, and somebody suggested that he was probably at the police station indulging in his favorite pastime of domino-playing.

Sure enough, a telephone call to Police Headquarters brought the tidings that Nichols had been there for some time.

He had forgotten all about his own relations to the case, although he had been engaged in talking about the trial for nearly half an hour with a police officer.

Nichols, who was very much embarrassed, arrived in the court-room three-quarters of an hour late. Judge Torrance was forbearing and did not reprimand the delinquent.

The Day in Wall Street.

Stocks were heavily pressed for sale at the opening on reports from Paris that the Comptoir d'Escompte was about to be liquidated. Later on these rumors were denied and the market improved. The bank statement was more favorable than expected, and this too had an influence on speculation at the close.

The banks and money market were very busy during the week and showed a surplus over above legal requirements. The following shows their condition this week as compared with last:

March 16.

Loans, \$417,070,300; deposits, \$408,000,000; cash, \$3,335,700; legal tenders, \$3,335,700; total, \$833,406,000.

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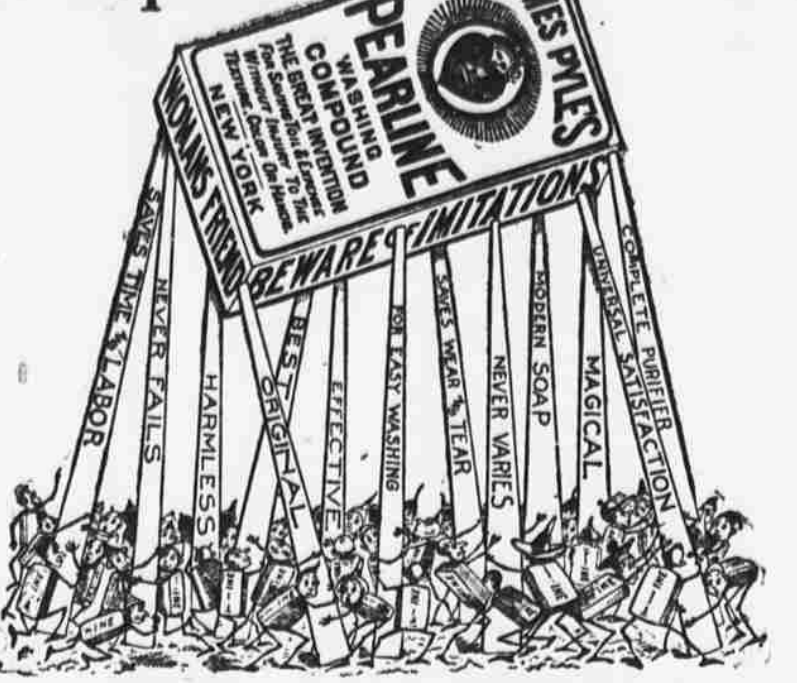
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## Props.



Hundreds of imitations—dangerous to fabric and hands—are tugging away at the props, which have put and still hold Pyle's Pearline in its present enviable position. It's the standard—pure—effective—harmless—a necessity in millions of homes. These imitators take names ending in INE—to deceive—peddle their goods from house to house—claim them to be "Pearline"—"same as Pearline," or "good as Pearline." Beware of them—one wash may ruin your clothes. Their methods alone should denounce them—evidently they do—for the consumption of Pearline increases each day. It does away with the drudgery of woman's hardest work. Every grocer sells Pearline. 145 JAMES PYLE, New York.

## LOW COMEDY ON PARK ROW.

BOY GAMBLERS IN TWO EXCITING ACTS NEAR THE POST-OFFICE.

While They Played "Craps" Near the Big Iron Doors a Man at an Upper Window Played It Very Low Down on Them—Drenched Again and Again with Hot Water in Spite of Their Umbrellas.

A little comedy in two scenes was enacted to-day in front of THE EVENING WORLD office, affording much amusement to passers-by.

The opening scene was the entrance to the Park Row side of the Post-Office, and the dramatic persons were pedestrians, newsboys, bootblacks, peddlers, fakirs and others.

The scene opened with one newsboy proposing to another that they play "craps." Three or four others agreed with alacrity, and they adjourned to the comfortable room formed by the door entrance.

There were probably fifteen boys and men watching the game. The stakes were high, and so intensely interested were the spectators that they did not hear the window open above them.

An EVENING WORLD reporter did and, as he saw a bucket and a pail on the floor, he guessed that the man who opened the window, he awaited developments.

The man went away leaving the window open. He returned with a bucket of hot water. By this time the game was decidedly exciting and every one crowded close just as a colored boy was making his last play for a big pot.

"Get 'em," he yelled, as the dice turned up right. The crowd was excited. The man upstairs softly lifted his bucket and, with a sudden turn of the wrist, dumped its hot contents upon the boys.

They were drenched to the skin. The man with the bucket disappeared, and the boys scattered, muttering against the man who had drenched them.

After a brief interval scene II was presented.

At first all was quiet. The drenched gamblers, with armor, however, undampened, gathered together again. They held a consultation. By some mysterious process they secured four umbrellas and confidently took possession of door number two, where it was dry.

The umbrellas were hoisted and everything for a while went smoothly. The excitement in the game increased and the umbrellas were forgotten and held again. They held a consultation. By some mysterious process they secured four umbrellas and confidently took possession of door number two, where it was dry.

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